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Pt. 2

Part 2.

THE

LAKE SUPERIOR

REGION

From the Library of  
William Neely of Negaunee  
Presented by his daughter  
Mrs. Oscar Hanson of Bessemer



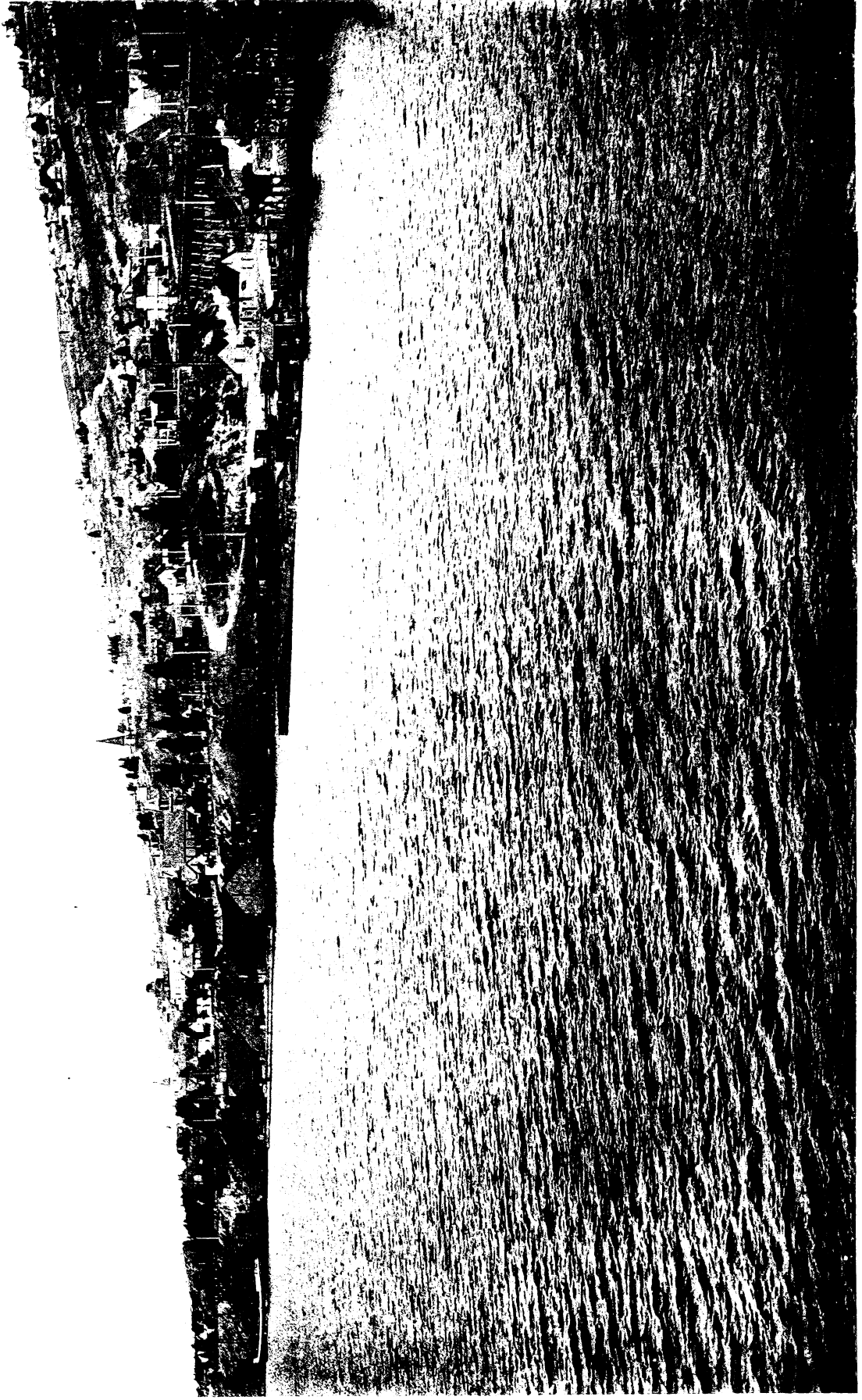
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.





CASCADE PICTURED ROCKS.

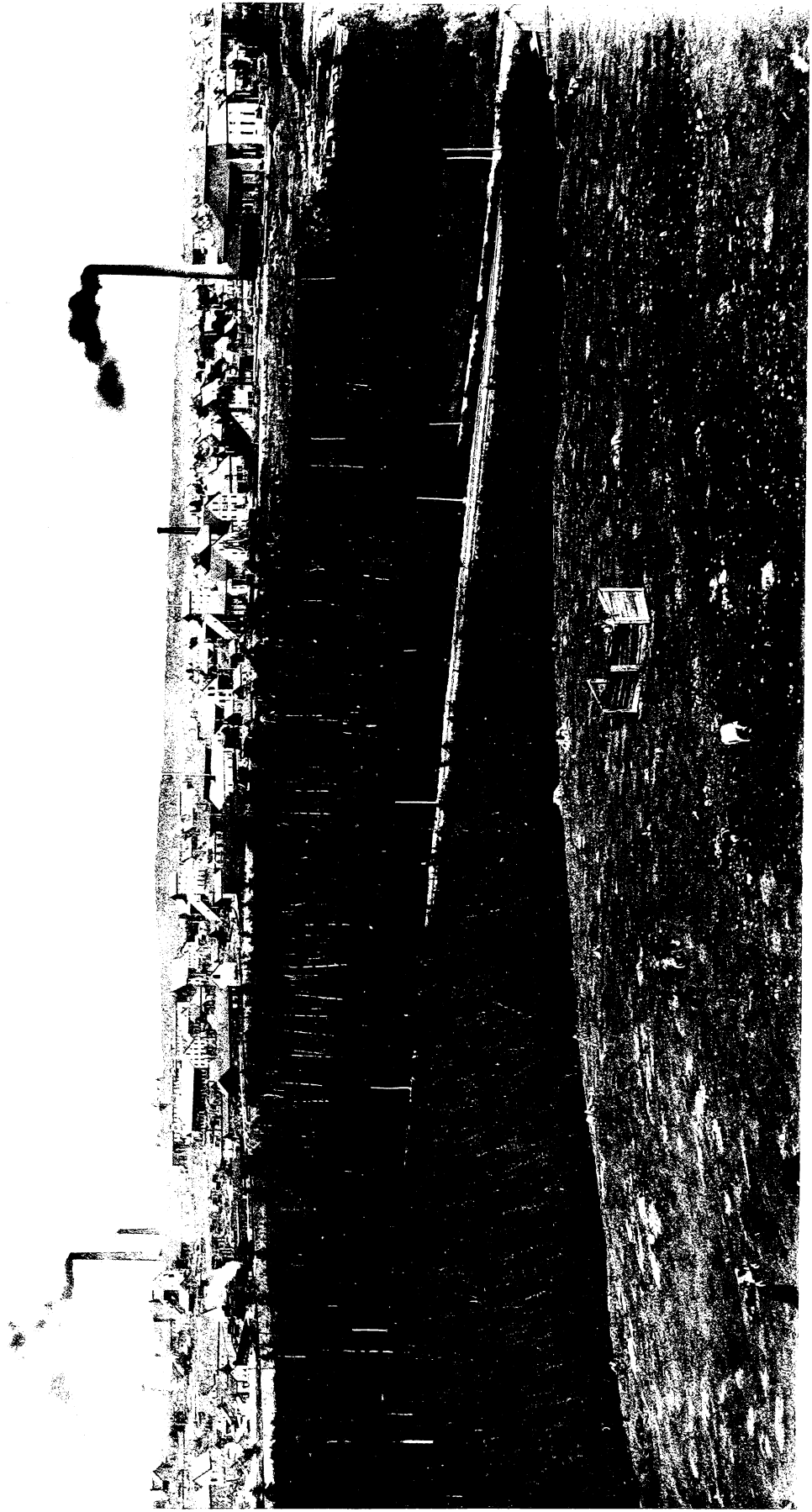




BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HANCOCK.







BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CALUMET & HECLA LOCATION.





SCENE NEAR EAGLE RIVER.



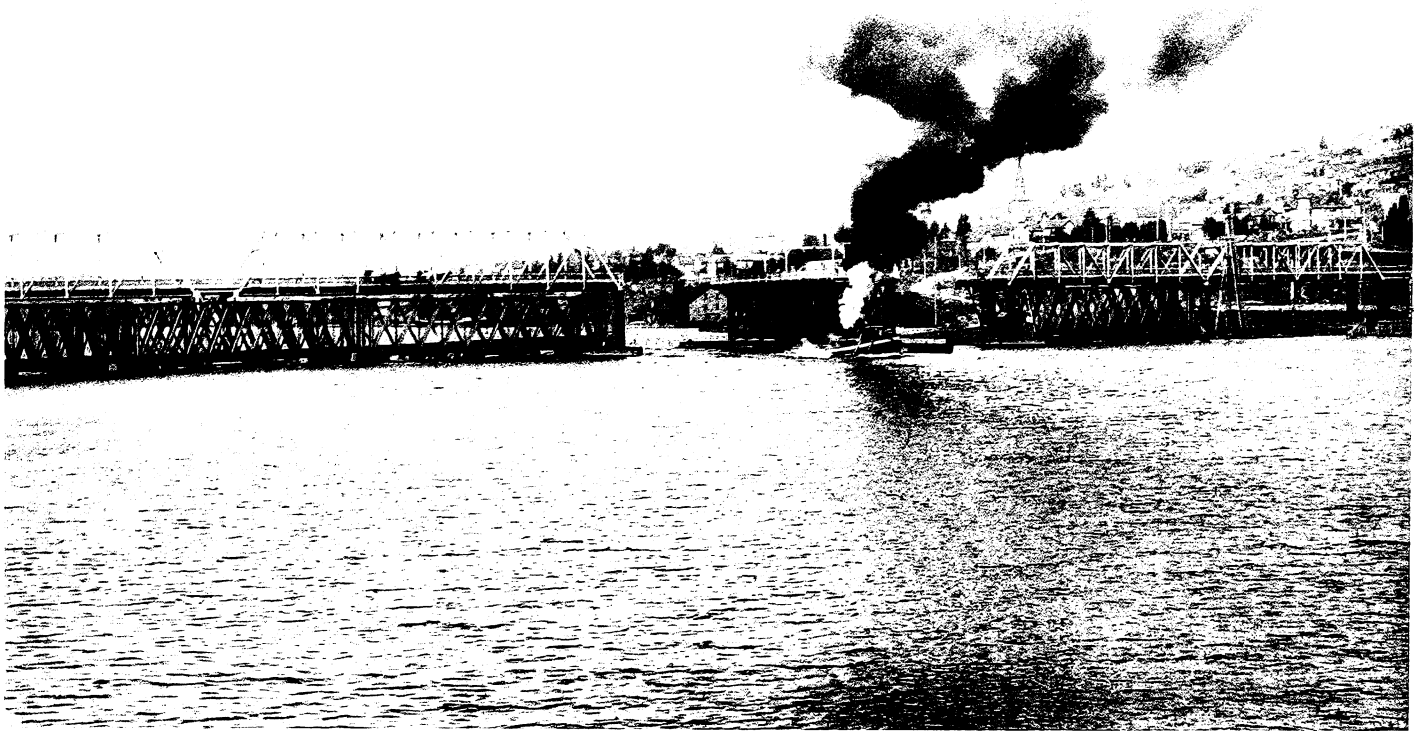
EAGLE RIVER.





SCENE AT EAGLE HARBOR.





SCENE FROM HOUGHTON.



VIEW OF HOUGHTON.







THE COVE AT PRESQUE ISLE.



SCENE AT PRESQUE ISLE.





NEAR THE OLD CLIFF MINE.



passed them by, for he saved his powder for bear, wolf, deer, lynx, and wildcat, and trapped the mink, muskrat, fox, coon, badger, and beaver.

The old man who coasted the shores for the Fur Company, is the sole relic of a picturesque age, in which the *voyageur* was the most picturesque object. Today the ruthless woodsman has swept away hundreds of acres of green forests, and the barren hills hardly lend shelter to the timid rabbit, and scurrying partridge. True there is less snowfall, and we have shorter winters—but there is less and less of game. On the Point, the partridge and rabbit are alone, and preserved only by the most stringent law. In the lower counties, by action of a similar law, a few deer remain, and a stray fox or other wild animal may occasionally be seen, but the game has followed the Indian, and the forest.

At the foot of Keeweenaw Bay a few Indians remain on the Government Reservation; a few linger at the Sault, but they are slowly following their race into oblivion. The ruder forms of life steadily vanish before the advancing Anglo-saxon, and the Indian phase of this dream of existence is practically already past.

In 1820 the General Government sent an exploring party into this country. They coasted along a portion of the shores for some distance, and learned much more of the superficial character of the country than had previously been known. After much controversy, and opposition to receiving a territory they did not want, and which was believed to be almost worthless, Michigan was finally admitted to statehood, in 1836, saddled with the objectionable Upper Peninsula.

The Catholic missionaries penetrated the country in the very early days, but the first Protestant mission was established at the Sault in 1828, and a branch mission at Kewawenon in 1834. In 1842 the first white missionary was settled there.

In 1843 the Government sent a farmer, a blacksmith, and a carpenter to the Reservation on Keeweenaw Bay. When the pioneer schooner John Jacob Astor left the Sault in July, 1843, she carried as passengers the farmer, his wife and child, and the blacksmith with his wife, two children, and assistant. The carpenter came later. Here they settled themselves to make the first home of a white man, above the Sault, and to teach the Indians the arts of civilization. After fifty-five years there remains of this little band, only Mr. and Mrs. Brockway, and one daughter. The others have passed into the Beyond, though only these had the necessary courage to continue the life and hardships of the wilderness, and forever desert the more settled country.

The first winter they had almost Santiago fare, of pork, beans, flour, and coffee, with fish, *fish*, FISH, (with increasing disgust in each repetition of the word,) and milk from a cow whose progenitors must have been imported at some prehistoric time, by the Fur company.

Once early in the spring they were called from their beds, by an alarm of "the Sioux, the Sioux!" They hastily gathered in one house, while the Chippewa divided into bands, and spread themselves in all directions, on a silent scout. Trembling, in silence, and in darkness, the little band waited, while the weary hours of the night dragged along. Towards morning,



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